Liu. It seemes so, and a modest,
Mari. Y'are an asse, when thou art maried once
thy modesty will neuer buy thee pins.
Liu. Blesse me.
Mari. from what?
Bian. from such a tame foole as our cosen Liuia.
Liui. You are not mad?
Mari. Yes whench, and so must you be, marke me Liuia,
or none of our acquaintance, or indeed fit for our sex:
pardon me yellow Hymen, that I meane.
thy offerings to protract, and to keepe
fasting my valiant Bridegroome.
Liu. Whether will this woman.
Bian. You may perceiue her end.
Liui. Or rather feare it.
Mar. Dare you be partner in't.
Liu. Leaue it Maria.
I feare I haue mark'd to much, for goodnes leaue it
diuest you with obedient hands to bed.
Mari. To bed? no Liuia there be comets hang
prodigious ouer that yet, there is a fellow
must yet before I know that heate (nere start wench)
be made a man, for yet he is a monster,
here must his head be, Liuia.
Liu. Neuer hope it,
'tis with a siue to scoope the Ocean, as
to tame Petruchio.
Mari. Stay. Lucina heare me.
neuer vnlock the threasure of my woombe
for humane fruit to make it capable,
nor neuer with thy secret hand make briefe

A womans labour to me, if I doe
giue way vnto my maried husbands will,
or be a wife in anie thing but hopes
till I haue made him easie as a child,
and tame as seare; he shall not winne a smile,
or a pleas'd looke from this austeritie
though it would pull another iointure from him,
and make him euery day another man;
& when I kisse him, till I haue my will
may I be barren of delights, and know
only what pleasure is in dreames and ghesses.
Liuia. A strange exordium.
Bian. All the seuerall wrongs
done by imperious husbands to their wiues
these thousand yeares and vpwards strengthen thee,
thou hast a braue cause.
Mari. And I'le doe it brauelie,
or may I knit my life out euer after.
Liui. In what part of the world got thee this spirit?
yet pray, Maria, looke before you truly,
besides the disobedience of a wife
(which you will find a heauie imputation)
which yet I can not thinke your owne, it shewes
so distant from your sweetnes.
Mari 'Tis I sweare.
Liui. Waigh but the person, and the hopes you haue
to worke this desperate cure.
Mari. A weaker subiect
would shame the end, I aymo at disobedience.
You talke too tamely, by the faith I haue
in mine owne noble will, that childish woman

That